WAS TWO BITS—NOW A DIME

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"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"

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"That's Smith's model — he plans brick houses."

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LULU

"The Life of the Party"

December, 1939 A Monthly Magazine Vol. 4, No. 8

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LULU — The Life of the Party

"Stalin has ordered another purge, comrade."

JAM-SESSION JIVES, THE JITTERBUG, SAYS A VIOLINIST DOESN'T NECESSARILY DISLIKE AN AUDIENCE JUST BECAUSE HE GIVES MAGGIE'S LITTLE BROTHER A DIME NOT TO WATCH WHEN HE'S FIDDLING.

Many a man carries the torch for a girl who is dynamite.

The man who dandles an infant on his knee can have the same fun carrying water on both shoulders.

"I'm 16 — and I've never been kissed!"

"There's somethin' durn' fascinatin' about watchin' these modern streamliners."

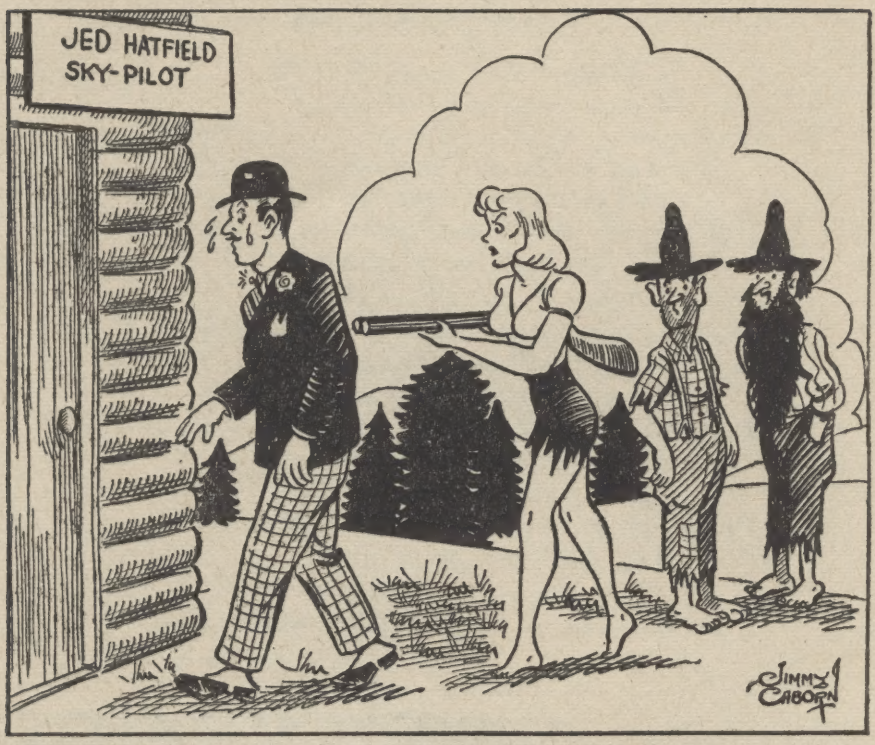
FANCY'S FLIGHT

Though I have an inhibition,
I've a naughty intuition
Each time I see you sitting 'cross the way;
And in the last analysis,
If I don't get paralysis
I've a hunch that I will test it out today.
For I've got imagination,
Though I say with hesitation,
There is something that I've simply got to do;
Now, could you try to gratify,
Or make attempt to satisfy
This thing I have in mind that deals with you?
It will give exhilaration,
And, perhaps, an invitation
To repeat, so step a little closer, Miss;
Oh, don't get palpitation,
Dear, it's only osculation
I am thinking of, in just plain words, a kiss.

—JUNIPER J. JONES.

"Yore kisses tastes different today, Slopface — what brand o' chawin' you got now?"

LULU — The Life of the Party



"That gal does right well for herself, not havin' any pappy."

THE HILL BILLY judge, failing to be re-elected, got himself a job as cashier in the bank at the county seat. A farmer, from out in the county, presented a check to be cashed.

"Don't know you," testily snapped the new cashier, flipping the check back.

"But, judge," said the farmer, "I voted for you every time you ran for office, and you married my son Jed to his wife."

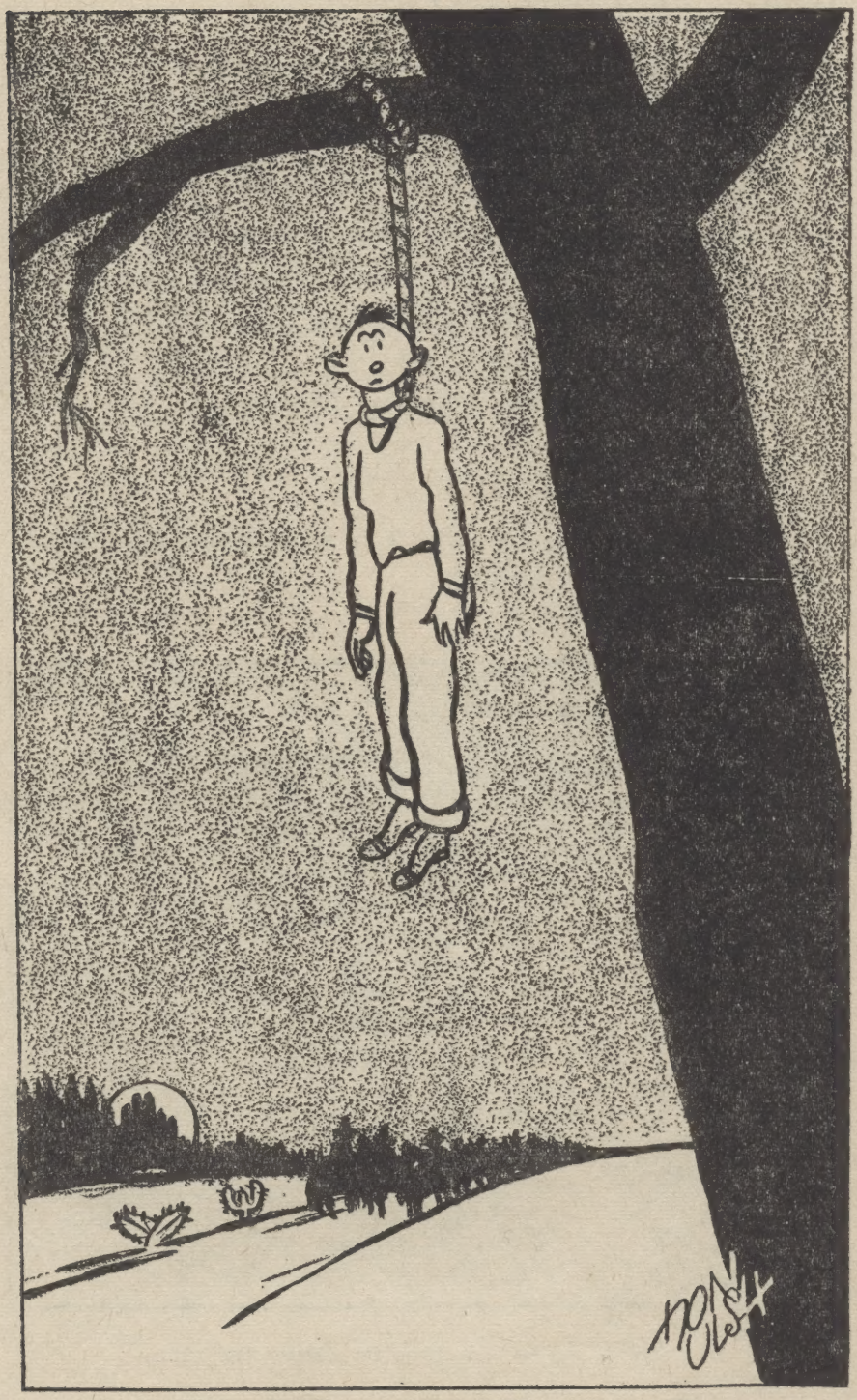
"Don't know you," repeated the ex-judge.

The customer produced a credit card, his membership card in the grange, his lodge card and several letters from the AAA addressed to himself.

"Not sufficient identity," persisted the cashier, again pushing back the check.

"Why, judge," protested the man, "I've seen you sentence a man to hang on less evidence than that!"

"That may be," half-agreed the former jurist; "but when you're paying out money you've got to be careful."



"Boy, did I ever stick MY neck out!"

Tight clothing may prevent proper circulation, but any modern girl can tell you that is what keeps her circulating.

LULU RILLY FEELS SORRY FOR THE POOR BEAUTY SHOP WORKER WHEN HER RIVAL IN LOVE COMES IN TO BE PRETTIED UP FOR A DATE WITH THEIR SWEETIE.

Funny, but the guy who has a weakness for women usually is strong for necking.

"I think there are two together in here."

"My husband likes nothing better than to browse around the house in his shirtsleeves."

OF COURSE, you've got to keep your ears open if you want to keep abreast of the times. Not that Lulu is an eavesdropper, but she does manage to overhear a lot of stuff.

For instance, in a restaurant the other day, at an adjoining table, there was a threesome. The young lady was very pretty and one of the young men wore a black eye, which was the subject under discussion when Lulu's attention was diverted from her salad bowl.

"Boy, that's a beauty!" the girl tittered. "Don't tell us you ran into a door. I heard a gag about that one on the radio."

"No," replied Mr. Black Eye; "I didn't run into a door. Izzy Kline got me this black eye."

"How come?" asked the other young man.

"Remember the beautiful babe you seen me with at the Moose dance?"

"Oh, yes," said the very pretty young lady. "The one with the red hair."

"Yeah!" This "yeah" was uttered with a disgustful sneer. "Izzy Kline introduces me to her."

"Don't tell us SHE socked you!"

"No; she didn't sock me—but Izzy Kline tells me, before he

introduces us, that she is engaged to some big palooka who is a traveling man and that he is in Cincinnati until next Saturday."

"What's that got to do with your black eye?"

"Well—Izzy Kline is a blamed liar!"

THERE IS NEVER AN END to the humorous incidents that happen around a hotel. Lulu was in St. Louis recently and stopped for mail at the desk when a rather austere personage of the female sex approached the clerk. She fixed him with a fishy eye.

"Would a lady be safe in this hotel?" she demanded, lorgnettishly.

"That," responded the key-juggler, "depends on what she would want to be safe from."

And St. Louis is not without its bibulous gentlemen. One of the residents of our hotel had reached the "out-of-control" stage and tried to enter through the revolving door.

It was no go. Each time he came in with a hefty push, but each time he kept going around with the door and found himself back on the sidewalk again. This business of going around and around in the revolving door served only to add to his befuddlement.

Finally, he backed up against a light pole in front of the hotel and cocked one eye on the revolving door, trying to figure things out.

Business was at a standstill for the next few moments, but eventually a young fellow came along and went in the door just

as an elderly gentleman approached the door to leave the building.

The young man went in, the door whirled around, and the old man with flowing white whiskers shuffled out on the sidewalk.

The drunk's bleary eyes popped wide open.

"If I didden shee it, I wooden b'lieve it," he muttered. "How time flieshl"

WHERE THE Federal Farm Administration gets its employes is a matter for conjecture. Washington sent a young sprout to Springfield, and Springfield sent him out into the sticks to take an inventory of a farm.

Now, this young fellow was hardly dry behind the ears, and, judging from his knowledge of things agricultural, the closest he had ever been to a farm before in his life was the corner grocery and fruit market. He did, however, manage to make a list of all

the chattels and stock until he came to an animal which he was unable to identify—a goat.

That evening, from the settlement, he telephoned his boss in Springfield and asked:

"What do you call the thing on a farm with a rough coat that's worn out in spots and has a long white beard and a long sad face?"

At the other end of the line, his boss laughed:

"That, you numbskull, is the farmer!"

"Wouldn't it be better for business, doctor, if I wore my uniform?"

"That's what I calls spittin', Em."

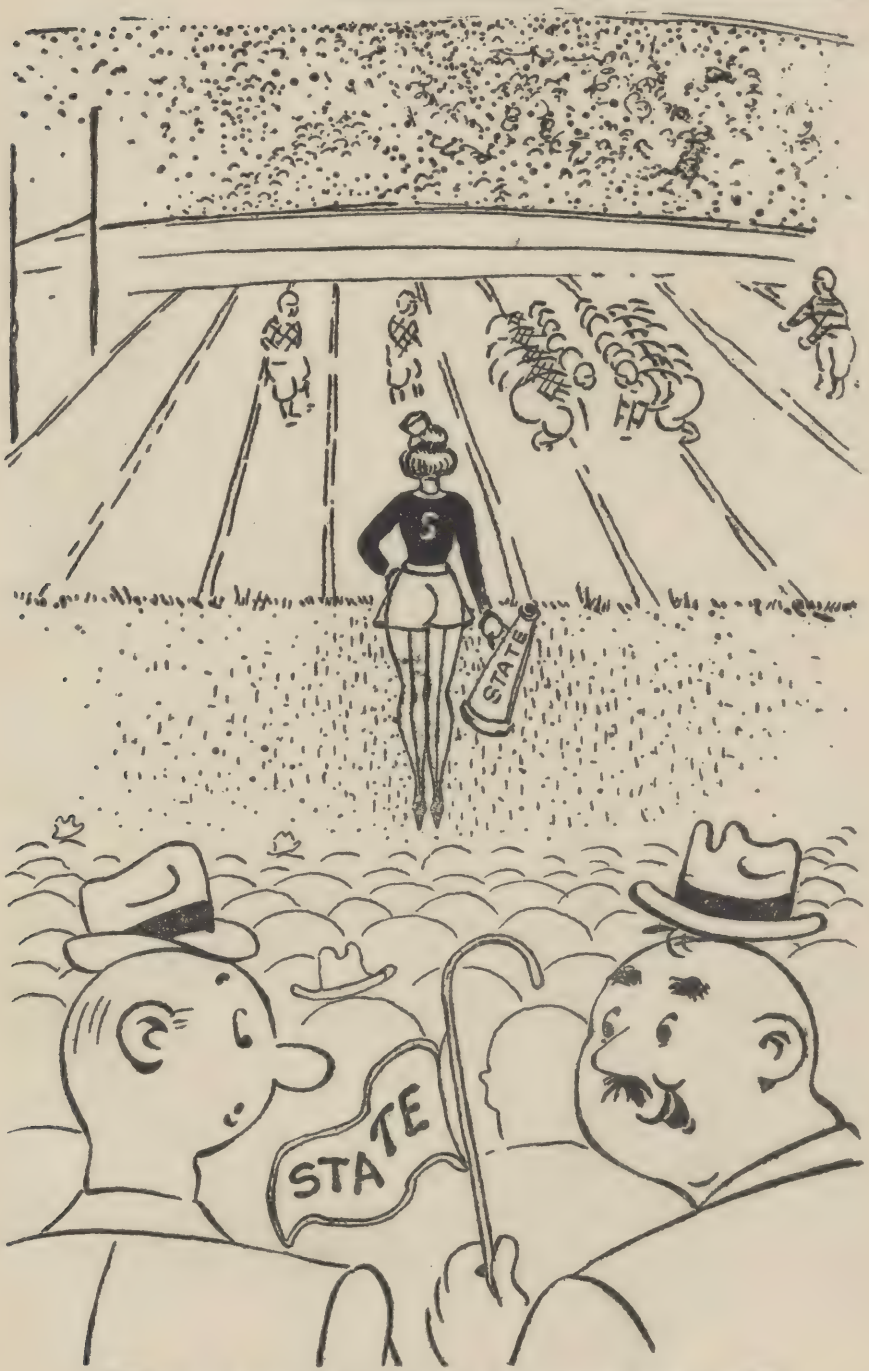
The course of true love isn't learned through a correspondence school.

JUNIPER J. JONES SAYS THAT IF IT'S TRUE ONE KISS SHORTENS LIFE THREE MINUTES, THEN LULU HAS BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME AND DOESN'T KNOW IT.

The golddigger obtained a divorce on the grounds that her husband wouldn't work and enjoyed poverty. He was granted custody of the wolf at the door.

See
MADAME
UMBAY
PALMS READ
50¢
CLEAN
PALMS
35¢
TED
PETOK

"Sorry, Bill — I can't tonight — it's my wife's night out."



"Who's the new end with the team this year?"

"All you have to do is become Mrs. Belch, and you get your name in lights."

HE'LL KEEP IT A SECRET!

Otis Clambake was very persuasive; Fancy Nancy was lending a willing ear.

"But, darling," she cooed, "if I marry you, I'll lose my new job."

"But, Nancy-sweet," yodeled Otis, "can't we keep our marriage a secret?"

"But, Otie-wotie," suggested Fancy Nancy, "suppose we have a baby?"

"Oh!" Otis ohed. "The baby! Of course, sweets, we'll have to tell the baby."

"My thumbling a ride with you was a good joke on the superintendent — by this time, he'll be looking all over the lunatic asylum for me!"

"Go put something on!"

"Maybe we should save the lion hunt for later on, Sir George!"

Songs for Sale

ELIZA VOCAL, THE VOCALIZER, HAS SO MANY GUYS PLUGGING FOR HER THAT SHE HAS A FIXED INCOME NOW.

One thing about a bathing beauty having nothing to hide, she comes out in the open with it.

LULU — The Life of the Party

"The district attorney is too smart for her."

Where All His Money Goes

"NO, NO, LULU!" CRIED JUNIPER J. JONES. "DON'T GIVE ME BACK MY RING. AFTER ALL, WHAT'S A BUCK, SIXTY TO A GUY WITH A BROKEN HEART?"

A girl isn't necessarily well-bred just because she happens to be the toast of the town.

Lulu has it on good authority that the subway is experimenting with cars capable of holding twice as many people, so that four times as many people will be able to squeeze into them.

"Slopface's cawn likker mash is ready."

LULU — The Life of the Party

"Oh, boy — have you gained since I started using that vitamin-plus lipstick!"

"I wish that female impersonator would move out — he's giving our house a bad name."

MISERY LOVES COMPANY, TOO

Otis Clambake was bemoaning the fact that he didn't hold enough of the ready to take Fancy Nancy to the soiree.

"Remember, my boy," commented Grandpap Sage, "that money does not bring happiness. If you have the money to go to the soiree tonight, you'll have a head full of misery in the morning."

"Maybe you're right," said Otis; "but right now I'm suffering with the 'no-money miseries' with no relief; whereas, if I had the money I could pick the kind of misery I get the most pleasure out of."

Twenty-one years ago — in December, 1918 — the following poem was recited for the first time. Its author is unknown, although Lulu often has endeavored to learn his identity. It is, however, another classic in rhyme that has survived the tests of time since the last war, and will live on to make thousands more laugh during — yes, and even after — the current conflict in Europe. MAJOR LAMAR! Lulu is happy to revive this rollicking roundelay.

This story concerns a Frenchman, in Paris during the war,
Whose wife was having a flirtation with an American, Major Lamar.
Some doughboys to a cafe went, and they were bent on drinking;
But they spied this bristling Frenchman at a table, scowling, thinking.
This "Frog" sure had his dander up—something had to be done;
But when they tried to cheer him up, here is the yarn he spun:

You Americaine soldiare who come to ze war,
Let me tell of my wife and zat Major Lamar.
I sit in zis cafe; I drink ze absinthe parfait;
I smoke ze long, black cigar;
Think of cherie and zat Major Lamar.

I go up to ze apartment; I knock on ze door.
Aha! Zey no answer no more.
So, I look through ze keyhole and, name of a swine!
Zat Major Lamar he's drink my 1840 wine!
ZAT MAKE ME MAD!
So, I come back to ze cafe; I drink ze absinthe parfait;
I smoke ze long, black cigar;
Think of cherie and zat Major Lamar.

I go back to ze apartment; I knock on ze door.
Aha! Zey no answer no more.
So, I look through ze keyhole to see what I spy,
And zat Major Lamar he's a speet in my eye!
ZAT MAKE ME MAD!
And, again in ze cafe, I drink ze absinthe parfait;
I smoke ze long, black cigar;
And think of cherie and zat Major Lamar.

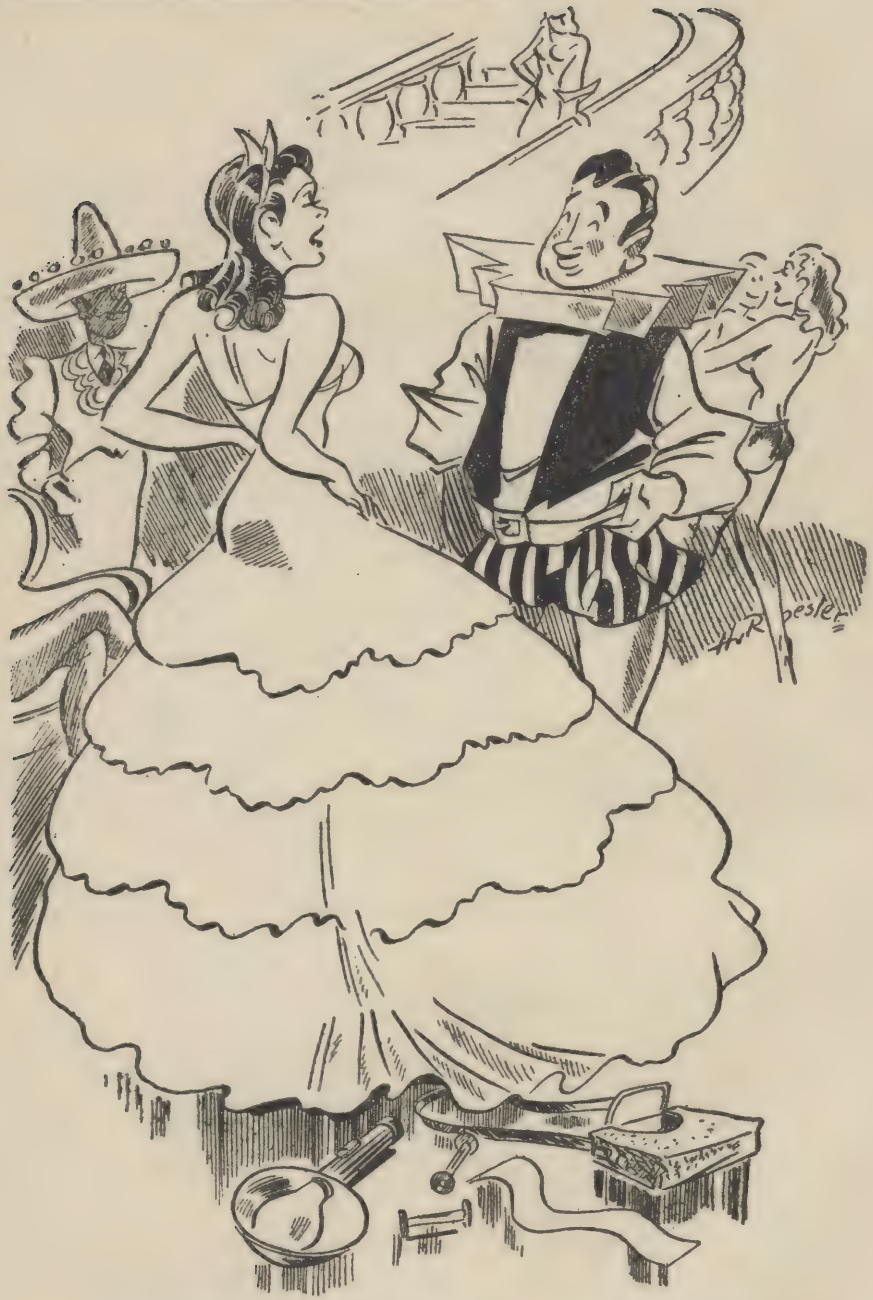
I go back to ze apartment; I knock on ze door.
Aha! Zey no answer no more.
So, I look through ze keyhole and, zere big as life,
Zat Major Lamar he's kissing my wife.
ZAT MAKE ME MAD!
I go down to ze cafe; I drink one more absinthe parfait;
I smoke ze long, black cigar;
And think of cherie and zat Major Lamar.

I rush to ze apartment; I knock on ze door.
And zat Major Lamar, he's answer ze door.
(I am surprise!)
I say: "Major Lamar, you drink my 1840 wine;
Major Lamar, you speet in my eye;
Major Lamar, you kiss my cherie.
Have a care, Major Lamar . . .
SOME DAY YOU GO TOO FAR!"

The average girl soon finds that when a guy gets "pie-eyed" he generally has plenty of crust.

About all you can say for the instigator of a shotgun wedding is that he aimed to do the rite thing.

The old-fashioned girl often could fashion a beau into a marriage knot, but the modern girl is kept pretty busy making neck ties.

LULU — The Life of the Party

"I'm dying to meet our host — I hear he's quite a candid camera bug."

"I wonder if we could see anything through the keyhole?"

IF BILIOUS O'SLUG CAN GET A SPONSOR, HE SAYS HE'S GONNA BROADCAST THE ONE ABOUT THE SKUNK TRAPPER WHO CLAIMS HE DOES HIS BEST WORK WHEN HE HAS A BAD COLD.

When there's something afoot in a young couple's affairs the chances are it's the old man shoeing the boy-friend home.

LULU — The Life of the Party

"At last, Mr. Bilge — we can be alone!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Lulu, published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for December, 1939. State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. J. Gontier, Sr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of Lulu and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, A. J. Gontier, Sr., 30 E. Eighth St., Chicago; Editor, Bill O'Donnell, 30 E. Eighth St., Chicago; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. H. Bellamy, 30 E. Eighth St., Chicago.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Sun Publications, Inc., 30 E. Eighth St., Chicago; G. H. Gontier, 30 E. Eighth St., Chicago; A. J. Gontier, Jr., 39 E. Eighth St., Chicago; R. H. Gontier, 30 E. Eighth St., Chicago.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

A. J. Gontier, Sr.
(Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1939.

Max Isenstark
(My commission expires September 1, 1940)

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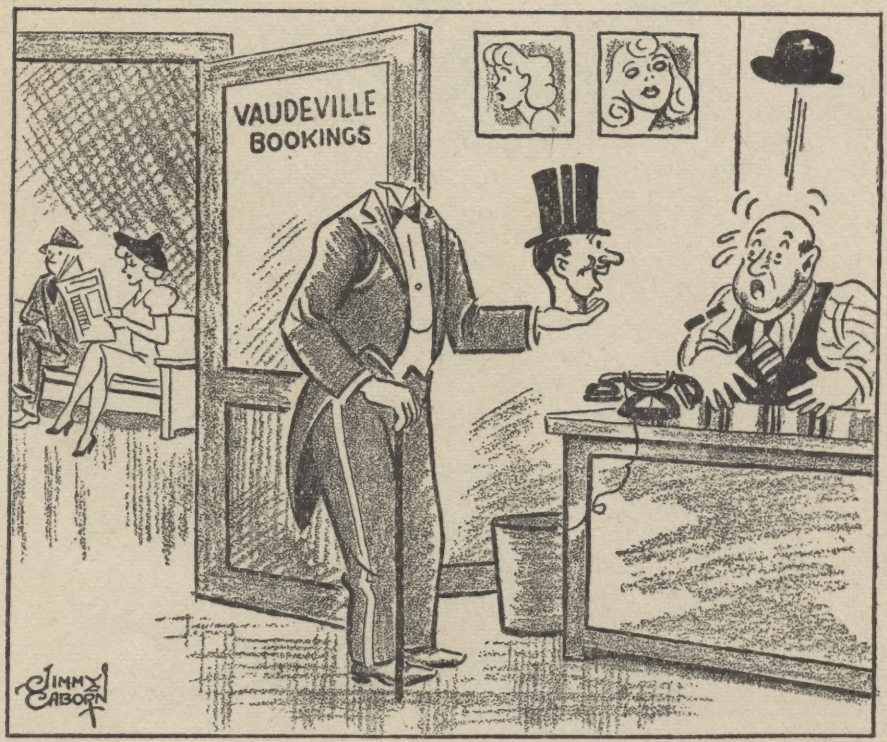
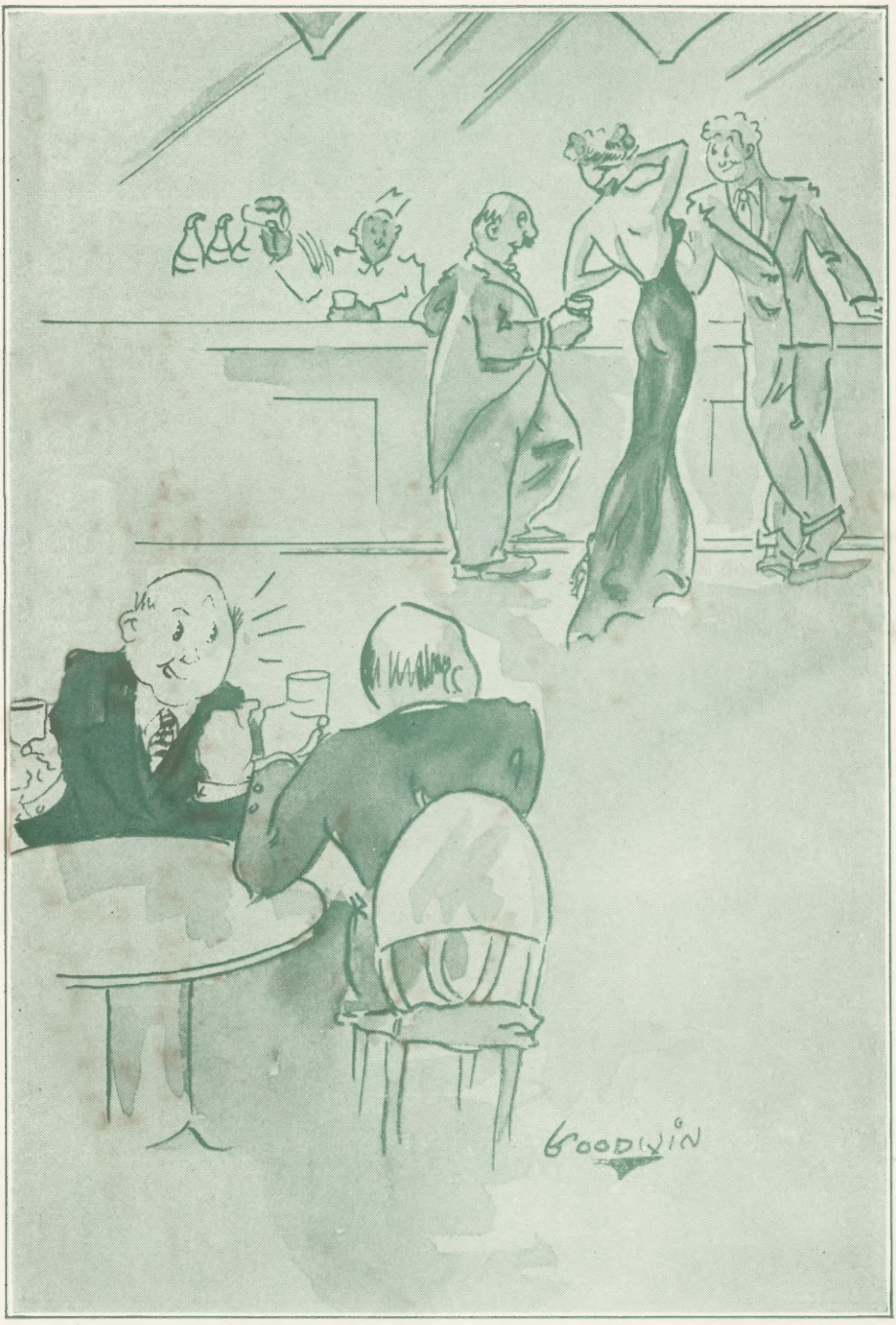


"Are you the gentleman who advertised for a magician?"

"There's a lot of life in the old boy yet!"



"That's Old Man Manybucks and son — they've got what she takes."

LULU FOR DECEMBER

"S'long, Lulu — tell Mr. Wood you saw me."

MERRY CHRISTMAS